

The High School Herald



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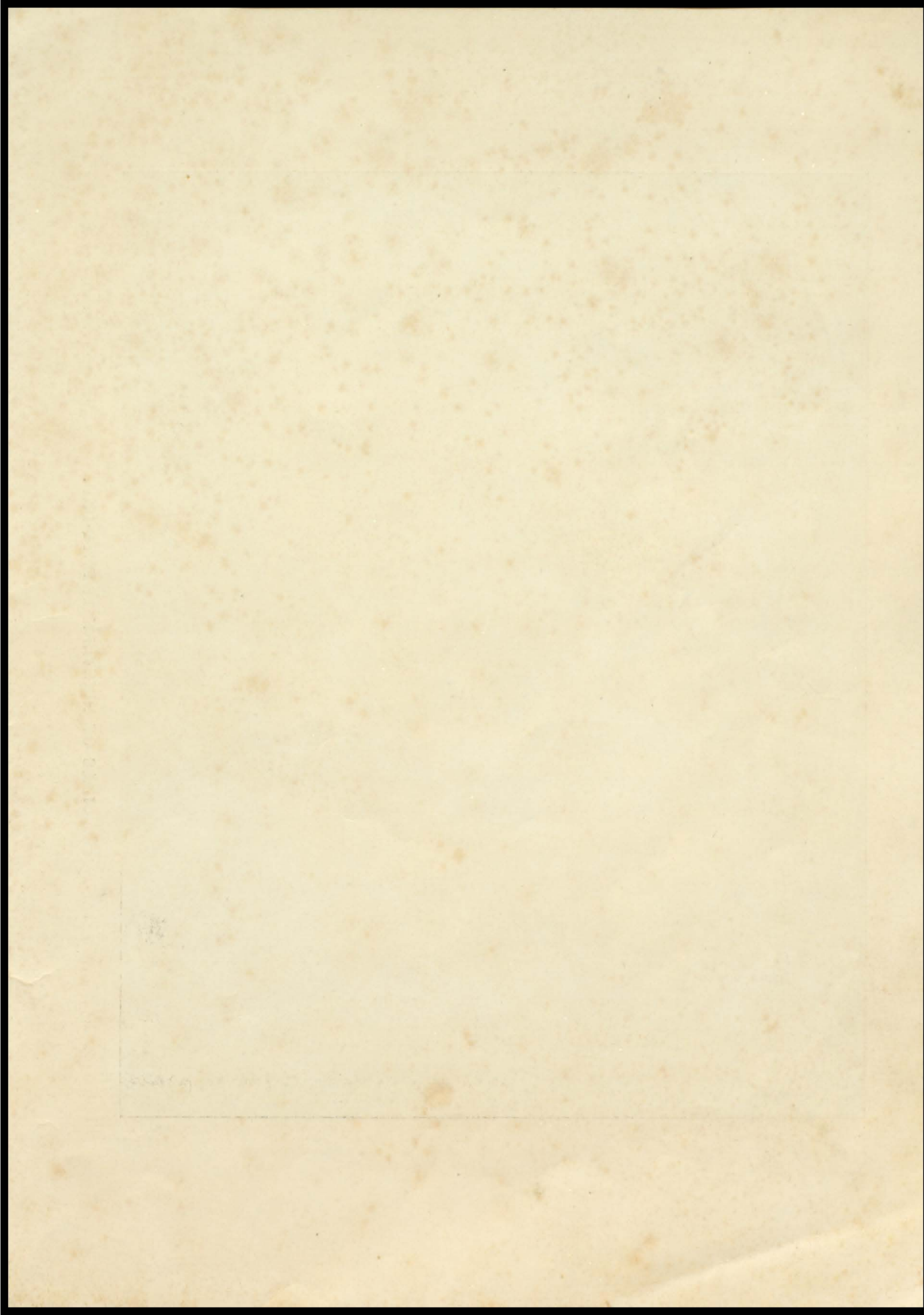
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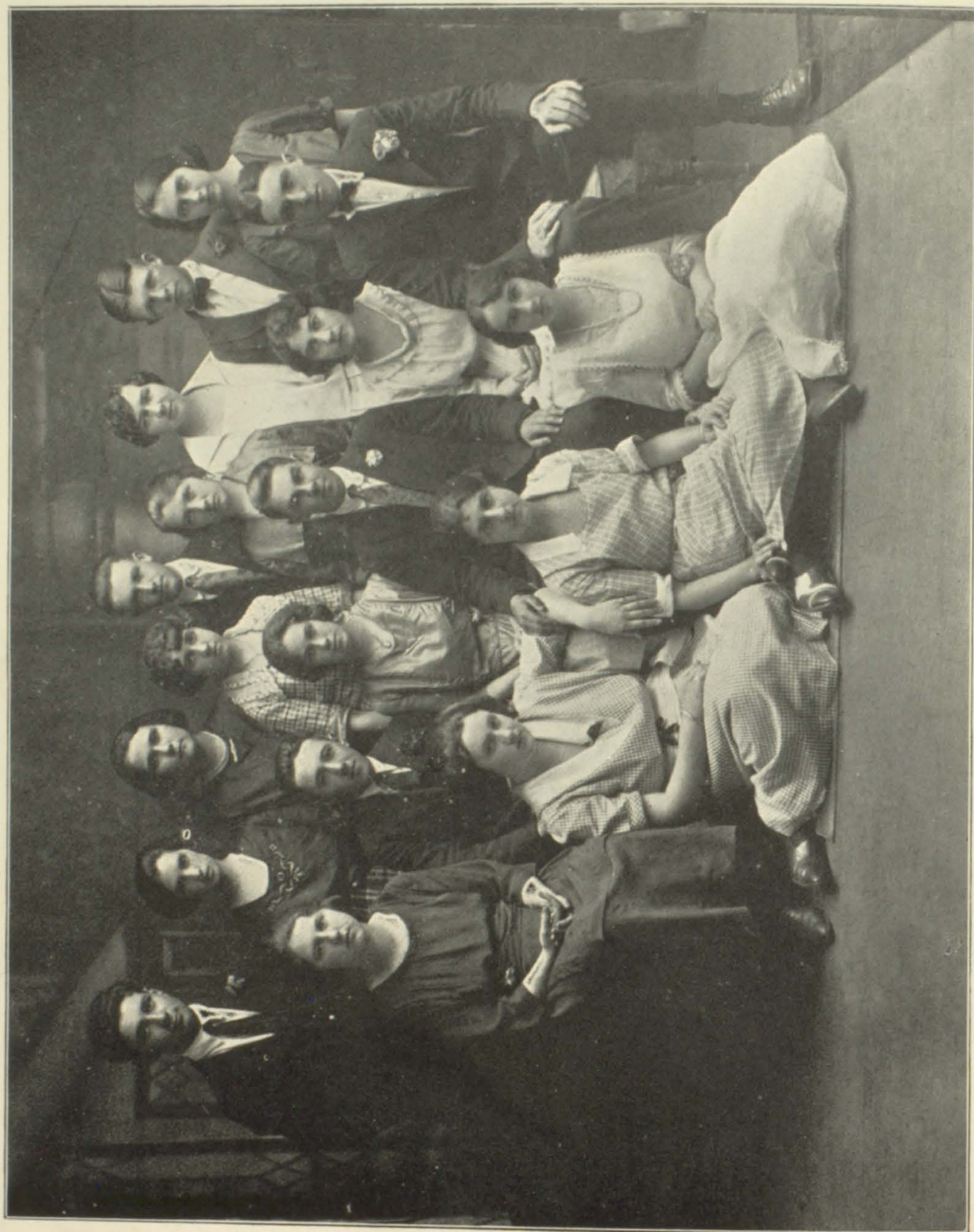
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CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE.

The High School Herald

WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN.

for

June, 1921.

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CLASS POEM.

As we journeyed on through school days,
With ne'er a fear or dread,
We were storing up fond memories
Of the happy life we led.

In the schoolroom we were seated
Each one intent upon a task,
Never shirking, ever striving,
Ever firm unto the last.

Ambition's force has spurred us onward,
Urged us with unceasing rest,
To our one and only fortress,
Each of us had named success.

Pleasant times we've had together,
In the school upon the hill,
And to our dear Alma Mater,
Class '21 be loyal still.

Could her children e'er forget her,
As they journey on their ways,
Ever mindful of the pleasures
Of the by-gone High School days?

Time or absence will not sever
Friendship's ties so firm and true;
But unite us still more closely,
Strengthening those bands anew.

Now at last the time for parting,
Silently creeps in our midst;
Present joys will soon be memories
To furnish us with mirth and bliss.

Now aglorious sun is setting,
But it makes our hearts grieve
To say "Farewell" to Alma Mater,
Which we all are loathe to leave.

Julia V. Rooney, '21.

CLASS SONG.

Tune of "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Classmates, at last we've reached the
longed for goal,
With joyful hearts and happiness untold,
Now we have come to the parting of the
ways
And each must play his part on life's great
stage.
Let us go forth with courage for the right,
Striving to keep our ideals ever bright.

Chorus:

Farewell to our teachers, and our school-
mates dear,
We shall ne'er forget them and the hours
spent here,
Many happy memories, in our hearts will
dwell,
Now to Alma Mater we bid farewell, yes
We bid farewell.

Our last four years have quickly passed
away,
But we have worked with willing hearts
each day,
With help of our teachers ever so loyal and
true,
And to whose efforts our success is due.
Sadly we part from those whom we hold
dear,
Oft' shall we think of happy school days
here.

Anna Malloy, '21.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

SPEECH OF WELCOME.

Classmates and Friends—In behalf of the Class of 1921, I extend to you this evening, a most cordial greeting.

Time has passed quickly, and to-night we meet here to present to you a brief account of our school days, before saying our last fond farewell to the Windsor Locks High School.

Light were our thoughts four years ago, when as Freshmen, we proclaimed ourselves ready to assume the responsibilities of High School students, but let us assure you that the days we spent there were days of diligent work seasoned with merry making, while we steadfastly aimed at one goal—Graduation.

To-night we will present to you only the humorous side of our school life and leave the more serious events for tomorrow evening.

Again let me impress upon you the hearty welcome with which we greet you and trust that this will be an enjoyable evening for all.

Harold Rupert, '21.

—(o)—

CLASS HISTORY.

In Webster's dictionary I found that history is a record of events arranged in their chronological order. So this evening I shall open to you our large book which has been secretly kept by the Class of '21 and endeavor to give you the events of our High School days in chronological order. In September, 1917, we entered the W. L. H. S. from St. Mary's, the Warehouse Point, and the Windsor Locks Grammar Schools, thirty-two in number. As "History repeats itself," we naturally went through the customs of Freshmen of going to the wrong classrooms and in the case of some boys of getting lost in the girls' hall. But it did not take us long to get accustomed to the different rooms, and we soon settled down. During the remainder of the year our school days were uneventful and we worked with one goal in sight, to become Seniors.

June came and we welcomed our well

earned vacation as we were the first Freshman class to have a six-day term throughout the winter of '17-'18.

In September, 1918, we returned as Sophomores, only twenty-two in number, but we made up in quality what we lacked in quantity. We were soon dubbed "Silly Sophs" by the upper classmen, but as other Sophomore classes had had this distinction we did not mind the term. An event of real history making occurred on November 11, 1918. It was Armistice Day and all the factories and business places were closed down, but school opened as usual. The first period opened with full attendance, but everyone had that happy feeling and nothing could be accomplished so school closed at 9.30 for the day. From then on a new life seemed to take hold of us and we worked with a determination to succeed, knowing that our half-milestone as a High School student was soon to pass. June came and we were all happy to have the first half of our course completed.

We returned as Juniors in the fall of 1919, after a successful vacation, I say "successful" because every member of the class worked during the summer to help cut the labor shortage. We were now sweet sixteen in number, as well as age, but joy soon reigned as three new members joined the class thus making a total of nineteen.

Most of our time from September to February was spent in study and in learning the way Juniors should act. From the day we had entered school up to May, 1920, our social work was confined wholly to rhetorical, but in May we gave a concert and dance from which we realized thirty-five dollars.

Next came the Junior Prize Essays, and we all worked hard, but as there were only two prizes, thirteen of us knew what we would get. The night finally came, and we all came with a determination to win the prize. So strong was this determination that it took the judges forty minutes to decide the winners. A boy pretending to live on Clay Hill, but actually residing elsewhere, took first prize, while the second was awarded to the brightest-headed girl in the class.

We were glad to return in September, 1920, as we were to be Seniors, and the

cream of the school. But our stay in the Main Room was short as we were moved to Room 10, to make room for the little Freshies. Because of this we missed the sport of watching bewildered Freshies go about the room looking for their seats. We were now only eighteen in number, but soon diminished further as Herbert Poulter, who had been with us for a year, left to join the army, thus leaving us only seventeen Seniors. In October we decided to go into social work. On October 29, we held a concert and so large was the attendance that it ran on the two following nights to accommodate the public.

About this time we were informed that Koplin was to graduate with us, thus making good our number at the beginning of the year. In December, 1921, a Girls' Glee Club was formed. The first thing they did was to have their pictures taken, but the poor photographer spoiled eleven plates trying to get one picture of them. From December to February we studied hard, knowing that our promotion rested mainly on the Mid-Year's, and as a result of our hard work we are all present here this evening. Immediately after the Mid-Year's the Glee Club began rehearsing for the operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," which they so splendidly presented in April.

On April 11 we gave a whist which was so great a success that the class wanted to run one every evening, but others had to be consulted and it was decided to give other classes a chance.

A night that will live as long as our history lasts was spent at Mrs. Kathryn B. Leary's home in Thompsonville on June 11. Everybody voted the night a success, but we are still wondering why a certain young Senior persisted in playing a game called post office.

This is the record of our four years at High School. Later in the evening you will hear the prophecy of our future, but for a reliable record of us I refer you to the Who's Who in America and the Encyclopedia Britannica of 2021.

Joseph Halloran, '21.

—(o)—

1st Student: "Jack, do you know 'Fat Burns'?"

Jack: "No, who is he?"

1st Student: "I saw it burn on our frying pan."

STATISTICS, 1921.

What do think of Miss Duggan?

Frances is known to our class as the most modest member, and also the most studious girl. Her favorite slang expression is "Aw go on," and her distinguishing characteristic is tardy excuses. Her favorite amusement is—trying to beat the 8.29 train coming up Main street.

And what is your opinion of Miss Colli?

Eva, we have decided, is the best singer among the girls, and strange to say she is the most mischievous girl. Her favorite slang expression is "Lay dead," while her distinguishing characteristic is her good nature. Her favorite amusement is playing hookey from school. She is known among her friends as "Kinappe."

What would you say of Miss Ellis?

Mildred is the handsomest girl of our class and she is the best typist. Mildred is of the opinion that she is the best skater. Her favorite slang expression is "You tell 'em," and her grin is her distinguishing characteristic. Her favorite amusement is tending the gas station.

What do you think of Koplin?

We have decided that Koplin is the biggest grind among the boys, and also the best actor. Koplin thinks he is the best skater. Charles' favorite expression is "I'll say so." His distinguishing characteristic is his curls, and his favorite amusement is studying Prof. Einstein's theories.

And what about Halloran?

Why Halloran is the teachers' pet and strange to say he is also the most mischievous boy. He is also the best entertainer among the boys. His distinguishing characteristic is "crackin' wise," while his favorite amusement is "raising the dickens." Pat's slang expression is "Aw, lay off."

What have you recorded of Miss Malloy?

In this record book Anna is the best dispositioned girl, but she thinks she's the best singer. She really is the best actress. Her distinguishing characteristic is whispering, and her favorite amusement is "fishing," while she can be heard saying "It's the berries" at any time.

Give your account of Lynskey!

Ed is the best dancer among the boys; also the most dignified. He really thinks he is the best singer. His distinguishing characteristic is business, while his favorite amusement is arranging ball games for his team. His slang expression is "Pull in your neck kid, you're going thru a tunnel."

What is your idea of Miss McCarroll?

Rose is the biggest grind among the girls. She is therefore our best Commercial Law student. Her distinguishing characteristic is blushing, and her favorite amusement is auto riding, especially in an Essex. Her slang expression is "Get going."

Tell us what you think of Migliora!

Amerigo is the best singer among the boys. He thinks he's the best actor but he really is the best bluffer. His distinguishing characteristic is writing poems, while his favorite amusement is wandering down south. Squiggie's slang expression is "Well, what's it to yuh?"

What about Miss MacLaughlin?

Helen is the biggest bluffer among the girls. Her distinguishing characteristic is her high heels, while she is very fond of playing the "Kilties March." Her slang expression is "Oh, aren't you mean?"

What is the opinion of the class of Miss Cecelia Nolan?

We have decided that Cecelia is the best English student and she thinks she is the best dancer. Her distinguishing characteristic is her eyes, while her favorite amusement is going to the movies. "Cilly's slang expression is "Well, what of it?"

And what have you recorded of Miss Mary Nolan?

Mary is the most punctual member of the class and the least dignified of the girls. She is the best student in correspondence (social). Her distinguishing characteristic is soberness; while her favorite amusement is "walking over the bridge." Mamie's slang expression is "Yeh, you?"

And about Miss Rooney?

Julia is our best shorthand student, and she is the teachers' pet among the girls. She thinks she really is the best typist. Her distinguishing characteristic is her airy tread, while her favorite amusement

is sending notes across the aisle in Room 10. Jewel's slang expression is "Oh, dear."

Give an account of Rupert!

Harold thinks he is the handsomest boy in the class, and he is also of the opinion that he is an expert dancer. He really is the best dressed boy. His distinguishing characteristic is his love for detective business, while his favorite amusement is studying the "lay-out" of the upper part of Spring street. He is known among us all as "Coop," and his slang expression is "Submerge, kid, submerge."

What have you decided about Miss Shaughnessy?

Gertrude is the most dignified girl as well as the best worker of our class. She is just crazy about blondes. Her distinguishing characteristic is, or was, her bobbed hair. Her favorite amusement is entertaining three nights a week, while "You never can tell," is her slang expression.

What do you think about John Shaughnessy?

John is the handsomest, and best skater among the boys of our class. He is also the least dignified boy. Shock's favorite slang expression is "Oh, eaa-up, sure." His distinguishing characteristic is, sure, Katz, while he is especially fond of visiting in Warehouse Point.

Class Statistics.

What is the favorite food of our class?

Mush, mush, mush.

What is our mode of walking?

Easing out.

Boys, what popular song are you fond of?

Kiss a Miss.

Girls, which popular song do you prefer?

Whispering.

Our favorite amusement as a class is dreaming, dancing and eating recess lunches.

What is your favorite book, girls?

Hymn Book.

What is your favorite book, boys?

Nick Carter Specials.

Our favorite teacher is Mrs. K. B. Leary and our favorite study is "Idleness of the King."

Lillian Nugent, '21.

Helen Gourley, '21.

CLASS WILL.

Know all men by these presents: That I, the Spirit of the Class of 1921, of the Windsor Locks High School, County of Hartford, State of Connecticut, being of sound and disposing mind, do make, declare and publish this my last will and testament, and all former instruments drawn by me are hereby revoked.

As by the Grace of God I have been allowed my allotted time and full enjoyment thereof, and as my principles have always been above reproach, I feel at liberty to place some conditions on the several bequests below:—

I give, devise and bequeathe to the Juniors the seats in Room 10. I hope, Juniors, that you will fill them as nobly and as honorably as did the Class of '21.

I give to the Sophomores, a sand paper medal, for being the silliest, the most awkward, and most bashful Sophomore class that ever entered the Windsor Locks High School.

I give, devise, bequeathe, and leave to the Freshmen a new set of nursing bottles, with a daily supply of milk, and I hope, Freshmen, that you, though noisy in your cradles, will be able to crawl by next September, and grow tall enough to at least climb into your seats, instead of having to be lifted in every time you leave them.

Joseph Halloran gives to Edward McCullough his Tooth of Wisdom. Eddie, when you feel like "cracking wise," you may have ample power to do so.

Harold Rupert bequeathes to Raymond Leary, a pair of well-broken-in shoes; so, Raymond, when you come in after 8.30 a. m. you will be able to duck down to your seat in the rear of the Main Room without being "chalked" down for a half an hour by Mr. Jackson.

To the Junior Girls, Eva Colli leaves her private mirror and vanity case which is kept in the Girls' Rest Room; and her parting wish, Juniors, is that you can "deck" yourselves in the future as she has herself in the past.

Redmond Lynskey leaves to Emilio Ricci, a coat, the style worn by Napoleon Bonaparte when he was at the height of his powers. Now, Emilio, when you deliver your next speech in Rhetoricals you will have Napoleon's pose perfected.

To the Freshman and Sophomore Girls, Mildred Ellis leaves a step-ladder. This, girls, will be for you to climb and get that one "last squint" in that coveted Rest Room Mirror.

I give to David Barry, a book on Common Sense. Now, "Wise Boy" make good use of it.

John Shaughnessy bequeathes to Frederick Norman a pair of hip-boots. These, he leaves, Freddie, that when it rains you will be able to make your way through that famed Dewey Avenue mud, and not come to school next day with a petty excuse that, "It rained."

To Herman Katz, Cecilia Nolan gives a book of information on business. Now, "Heimie," when you have any more "junk" transactions to go through in the Main Room before 1.30 p. m. the word "Difficulty" will stand in your way no more.

To Nelson Parmelee, Gertrude Shaughnessy bequeathes a set of neck and shoulder braces, that hereafter when passing from class to class he will not be running up against the doors and windows of the schoolrooms and damaging our valued fixtures.

Helen MacLaughlin gives to Edward Frey, one gross of O'Sullivan Rubber Heels and Soles. In the future, Edward, when you cross the bridge, the guard will not have to be prepared with a sledge, spikes, and planks to repair the bridge floor after you have traversed it.

The Boys of the Senior Class bequeathe to Charles Kennedy an imaginary baseball diamond, all for himself. Now, "Stew," you can learn to play ball yourself before you tell others how to play.

Helen Gourley leaves to Anna Lyons, a high chair. She leaves this to you, Anna, so that you will not suffer discomfort while typewriting.

I leave to James and Robert Pickles a false mustache. The mustache is to be worn by James, that in case a new teacher comes in she will be able to tell which is Bob and which is Jim.

Lillian Nugent gives to Robert Jackson, a book on Etiquette. This, Robert, Miss Nugent gives you that you may read and learn how to conduct yourself in Ancient History Class.

Julia Rooney leaves to Eleanor Root, all her knowledge of Stenography. Eleanor, do not hesitate! Grasp this opportunity

and hang on to it! I assure you, Eleanor, that your being the new possessor of this knowledge will not only make you a shining star in the class, but, it will make you a star of first magnitude.

Rose McCarroll leaves to George Lajoie a dozen pencils; each pencil is to have a chain on it which will be locked to your wrist. George, these newly-manufactured pencils, patented 'n everything, I hope will last you at least one day, so that you will not always be going around the Main Room crying, "Who stole my pencils?"

Anna Malloy gives to Aldo Metelli, a highly-developed Maxim Silencer. This device is to be used during all study periods. Aldo, don't get excited, no one will miss you during the study periods, and you can rock to sleep in your study in your Freshman cradle.

Frances Duggan bequeathes to James Brett a pair of stilts and a megaphone. Thanks to the Manual Training Department of the School, where many a valuable hour was spent on this pair of stilts, and praises be to the Megaphone Company. These, James, are for you to use while working in Buckley's Market, that the customers may in the future hear and see you and thus reveal the mystery of Buckley's Market.

Charles Koplin bequeathes to Josephine Wallace a copy of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." This he bequeathes you, Josephine, that you may practice faithfully and dilligently, so that some day your name will stand high in the shining lights of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Junior Girls! You seem to be the honored heirs of this will. Here is something else that was almost forgotten. Mary Nolan leaves to you a book entitled, "If School Work Interferes With Dancing, Cut Out the School Work." I hope, Juniors, that you will not profit by it.

I do nominate and appoint Judge Thomas Farrell to be Executor of this my last will and testament in testimony where-I have set my hand and seal, and publish and decree this to be my last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses below, this 22d day of June, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-one.

Spirit of the Class of 1921.

Signed, sealed, declared and published

by the said Spirit of the Class of 1921, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, and in his presence, and the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto: Cornelius O'Leary, Doris Parsons, Nathaniel Pastore, Margaret Norris, Raymond Hancock, and Mary Byrne.

Amerigo D. Migliora, '21.

——(o)——

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFTS.

To-morrow is the end- With the rays of the setting sun our life as a class goes out forever. But before we go forth on our journey, we deem it our duty to leave to our loyal classmates a little token to remember our happy by-gone days.

The task has caused me many hours of serious thought, but at last I have obtained a little token, which I believe is suited to each one of you—as it signifies some action you were most engaged in during your High School days. These tokens are given with the best of friendship and I feel sure they will be received in like manner.

I will first bestow honor on our worthy class president—Harold Rupert. I have noticed and especially this last year of your High School career that you have been very fond of amusing yourself by forever rattling ink-bottles and making all sorts of noise that is pleasing only to a child's ear. Now it seems to me that when a young man reaches the position you hold, it is high time that he overcomes his childish habits. Take this little rattle and I am sure that when you desire to amuse yourself in the future you will find it very useful.

Frances Duggan.—Really on time! How did it ever happen? Surely you must have had the good fortune of having an auto ride; otherwise I am sure you would not have been here yet. I have often heard you say, "Oh, how I wish I had an auto!" So I present you with this little auto that in the future you may reach your destination on time.

Eva Colli.—It is true that you are very fond of singing, but it is equally true that you're very fond of reading. Many an hour you spent in reading a novel during a study period in school; so here is a novel which I have very carefully chosen for you.

And if ever you should run out of reading matter you will always have something to fall back on.

Mildred Ellis.—Mildred, you seem to be the only girl in our class that was forever borrowing stationery. Doubtless you have learned that there is a time and place for everything, and during a study period in the Main Room is no time or place to be writing your social letters. So here is a box of writing paper and in the future I hope you will not run out of material and cause you to be in that embarrassing situation of borrowing.

Rose McCarroll.—It is very necessary that owners of automobiles should familiarize themselves with the duties and regulations pertaining to the use of cars. In every city as well as in Windsor Locks, there are certain districts where parking is restricted or forbidden. How dreadful it would be to have to appear in court for any such mishap! So here is a garage which will serve to hold that Essex without fear of remaining over the limited time.

Mary Nolan.—Of late it has been known that you have been very enthusiastic about paying visits to Warehouse Point. Owing to the present unsafe condition of the bridge, how unfortunate it would be if you were no longer permitted to communicate with the other side! But I have saved the situation by presenting to you this little canoe which will enable you to continue to pay your visits in the future as faithfully as you have in the past.

Amerigo Migliora.—Amerigo: Traveling has always seemed to be a special pleasure to you, especially so when you reached the Senior year, for it was then that you decided to leave all, even the Windsor Locks High, for a short time and take that trip to the sunny south. How thrilled with joy we all were when we found that you had returned. Here is a traveling bag so that if traveling in the future this may be of some value to you, if nothing more than as a memory of 1921.

Joseph Halloran.—Excessive reading, the scientists tell us sometimes dims the eyes. This seems to be especially true in your case, Joe, for we have noticed many times you came to class and said you had failed to see parts of the assignment. Now, Joseph, I have decided that you will soon need glasses, and these are of the best make and the latest style. Keep them and wear them in the future if necessary.

Lillian Nugent.—Lillian, frequently during your High School days you did not arrive at school until 8.30 a. m. You probably would have been later if some classmate had not hastened you on. I have succeeded in obtaining this modern vehicle, the aeroplane, which I hope will serve to bring you to your destination on time.

Julia Rooney. Nearly all your leisure time, Julia, was spent in front of the mirror. Vainest of the vain you surely are. It would have been a sad occurrence if that famous mirror should have accidentally broken. Vanity cases are fashionable, and here is one which will be of service to you, and it will not be necessary for you to look over some classmate's head to see your beauty.

Cecelia Nolan.—Cecelia: You always seemed to be especially interested in knitting. And what pretty colors you always picked out! You surely did look sweet in those sweaters. Here is a pair of knitting needles which may be of service to you in future knitting.

Anna Malloy.—Anna: I have noticed that during your classes in High School you were especially interested in your classmates at the rear of the room, but when you turned around, the teacher soon saw you and you had to remain after school. Here is a chair which will turn you around instantly, and in the future you will have no trouble in seeing everyone.

Redmond Lynskey.—We all thought that it took you a long time to walk from your home on Grove street to the W. L. H. S. on Church street. You were never known to come to class on time. Was it because you needed some extra sleep, or had you forgotten that the Daylight Saving had gone into effect? You have heard the old saying I'm sure, "That an hour too soon is better than a minute too late." At any rate we give you an alarm clock and hope you will not forget to use it.

Helen Gourley.—During our High School days I often wondered what would happen if the mirror should disappear from the girls' dressing room. The girls said such a mishap would vex you terribly, so now, Helen, I give you a mirror. Always keep it on hand so that you may see how, day by day, you are growing more beautiful.

Charles Koplin.—It has been a hard

task to select a suitable gift for you, as you have been a member of our worthy class for only one year. I have spent many weary hours in thinking of what I could give you and at last I have come to a decision. We noticed that during the last few mornings you did not have a single wave in your hair. But when the afternoon session began you had a wonderful Marcel wave. Where did you get such a magnificent wave? How the girls did envy you and also some of the boys! So take these electric curlers, Charlie, and in the future have your hair waved in the morning as well as in the afternoon.

Gertrude Shaughnessy.—We know that a certain young man in this town is very fond of pastry. Would it annoy him very much if he happened to call on you some evening and you had not a single piece of cake to give him? I'm afraid it would, so take this cook book, Gertrude, and we prophesy that the first cake you make will be a Johnny cake.

John Shaughnessy.—During our four years at the High School you spent all of your spare time playing ball, and you were considered quite a ball player. So here, John, take this ball, practice as much as you can, and I hope that in the near future all the members of our class will be able to see you take part in the World Series.

Helen MacLaughlin.—During your two years spent at the Windsor Locks High School you have failed to arrive at your seat in Room 10 on the first session of the week, Monday morning. You were either gone on a vacation over the week-end, or had forgotten that school opened at 8.30 Monday morning, just the same as on Tuesday. Now, Helen, as you intend to seek a higher education I give you a memorandum and wish you to put down the days on which you are to attend school and it would also be well to put down the time.

Gertrude Shaughnessy, '21.

Rose McCarroll, '21.

Cecelia Nolan, '21.

——(o)——

English teacher to James—What is debate?

James—After scratching his head. De bait is wot day use on de hook to catch the fish with.

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Undergraduates of the W. L. H. S, we the Class of 1921 feel an overwhelming desire on this occasion to offer you a few words of sorely needed advice and we hope that you will profit by it, and in so doing you will lessen the many difficulties you will have to overcome before reaching the goal, "Graduation."

First, let each one remember that school begins at 8.30. I would advise Cornelius O'Leary, Helen Sweeney and Margaret Norris to buy an alarm clock and set it to go off at 7 a. m. and see if they can possibly get to their seats on time and not be gasping for breath during the opening exercises. I also advise the girls from Warehouse Point, when they are late and are told to remain after 3.00, not to give that old excuse that a freight train stopped in front of the crossing.

We must congratulate the Juniors on their recent prize essays. You have shown a high degree of brilliancy in all your undertakings, especially "Whist Parties" and our hope is that you will continue your good work next year. You might easily take the Class of 1921 as an unequalled example and try to do as well as we have done, but we know this will be very hard, if not impossible.

I would advise the Junior Girls to provide themselves with "Vanity Cases" so that when school begins next fall they will not have to go around asking the other girls for powder, and also to provide themselves with their own mirrors so that you all will not try to get a look into the one in the dressing room at the same time. You, Junior Girls, are known as the hungriest girls in the school. I say this because there was many a day I heard you say, "Gee, I'm starved," and next year when one of you brings some cake or fudge to eat at recess, pass a little of it around to others than just the members of your class.

In most High schools the Sophomores are called the silliest, and this name surely applies to our Sophomore class. All we ask of you is to overcome your kiddish ways. We would advise Eva Moran to come straight to school and not sit on her front porch waiting for one of our honorable Senior boys to come long. I would advise Heimie to break off the custom he

has of bring cookies to school. If you do this, Heimie, it will keep you out of the danger of getting your neck broken at recess time, when the boys make a rush at you in order to get a free lunch.

Addie, do get over your childish spunkiness, and don't say, "Oh Gosh! I wasn't talking" to the teacher after she saw you.

Freshmen: Although we Seniors did not have the opportunity to be with you much this year, we have heard a great deal about you. You are now almost Sophomores, so try to get over your childish ways, such as stamping when some one is walking around the room, and don't walk around the building as if you owned the place. Be content with your seat and don't have a different one for every period.

I would advise "Stew" to study his "Latin" instead of fooling when he has a study period. Do this, Charles, and the teacher will not make you study it when you do not want to, or make you remain an hour after school.

I have been asked to advise Fred Mather to do his own home work and not go to one of his classmate's desk and copy it.

Amid all your childish misdemeanors, Freshmen, you have two girls in your midst who bid fair to become rivals of the famous Alma Gluck, namely, Mary Byrne and Josephine Wallace.

Just one final word before bidding you farewell, may you strive to the utmost to make our High School one that you, as students, we as graduates, and the townspeople as supporters, will point to with respect and pride.

John Shaughnessy, '21.

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THE RESPONSE TO THE ADVICE.

We, the Undergraduates of the W. L. H. S., wish to thank you for your generosity in the matter of advice, and we shall try to use as much of it as we can, and if we have any left we may return it. We also thank you for the many compliments expressed and implied in your words.

We acknowledge that a good many of us have been guilty of not getting to school on time, especially for the 8.30 session, but had we been set a better example

by the Seniors, things might have been different.

The Junior girls are sorry they acted in any way selfishly in regard to their lunches, but next year will open a lunch room for the whole school, and we now offer the management to John Shaughnessy who we have heard had great success at selling "hot dogs" in a neighboring city.

We can say one thing in our defense—the Junior girls were able to keep their lunches until recess and did not have to satisfy their hunger by chewing gum during school hours. Seniors, chewing gum is one of your many bad habits, and is something you must overcome. We advise you to consume as much gum as possible this summer, so when you enter the business world you will not feel obliged to keep time with the typewriters as you have often tried to do the past year in typewriting class.

But with your many faults, you have been a good class and we are proud of you all. Your school days at W. L. H. S. are over. You are no longer an immediate part of the school, but Alumni. Each of you is going out by his own separate path to his own work. But wherever your individual path may lead you, whatever the future has in store for you, may you never forget the happy days spent at W. L. H. S., and may you all lead such lives of true manhood and womanhood that W. L. H. S. will be proud to count you among her Alumni! To each one of you, we say farewell and it is our sincere wish that you may all meet with success and happiness.

Eleanor Root, '22.

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PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT.

We, the Class of 1921, feel it our duty to the school, which has been our home for four pleasant years, in some way to show our gratitude and appreciation.

The Class of 1920 presented to the High School two magazines, namely, the 'Literary Digest and the World's Work. Our class can think of nothing that will be more useful and helpful to so large a number of the pupils, and so has voted to continue these subscriptions for another year.

To the undergraduates of Windsor Locks High, we wish you all success in the years to come. May you always work

faithfully, and keep in mind through your school life, that success is won only by work.

Fare thee well, dear school days,
That can ne'er return,
Our hearts are sad with lonely thoughts,
For parting now has come;
Good-bye teachers, kind and true,
Schocimates, now farewell;
We must leave these halls forever
Duty calls us elsewhere now.

Mildred Ellis, '21.

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ACCEPTANCE OF GIFT TO SCHOOL.

Class of 1921:—In behalf of the teachers and undergraduates of the Windsor Locks High School, it is my privilege to accept your parting gift to dear old Alma Mater. You have always shown us that your judgment is good, but in presenting us the subscription for two of our best magazines for another year you have proven it. As the Class of '20 set the example and you, as undergraduates, have seen its usefulness, we hope that it will be our good fortune to do the same next year and even more.

We are sure that your gift will prove valuable to us in the future. It not only keeps us in touch with the world of to-day, but it is a great aid in the English Department.

We can hardly restrain our sorrow, as you are about to depart from us, and we are unable to express too loudly our true appreciation of your good character and we hope that the spirit you have shown us in school life will guide you in life's school.

D. R. Leary, '22.

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CLASS PROPHECY.

An Afternoon Tea.

(Stage set with tea tables and chairs. Hostesses: Mary Nolan, Anna Malloy, Helen MacLaughlin).

Mary.—Your Special Delivery reached me just in time, girls, as I was to start on a vacation trip this morning; but I came here instead, taking the first train.

Anna.—Aren't you tired from the long ride?

Mary.—Oh no! I'll tell you how I amused myself. At first I looked out of the window at the winding river, and the wooded mountains. Then, as I had no reading matter, I began to think about our class and wonder what would become of us all.

Helen.—Let's read our futures in our tea cups this afternoon.

Mary.—Fine! We will! Here they come now! (Class come on stage from R. and L. The girls pour and pass the tea).

Anna.—Drink your tea, Mary, and I'll read yours first. (As the cups are drained the dregs are interpreted.)

Anna.—What can this be? It looks like a large meeting house. It is. Now I can see the inside and at a table in the front of the hall two women are discussing some bill which has come up. One of them has her arm raised in a gesture. She must be talking. It is you, Mary Nolan, and you are president of The National Woman's party. We are not surprised at this for you always were good at debating.

Anna.—Yours next, John. I see a large bridge spanning one of the great rivers. A man is walking across it and seems to be the center of attraction. He is the engineer who has directed this work. It is yourself, John Shaughnessy. But is this strange? We remember back in the High School days, "Shock," you could be found almost any time walking across the bridge studying the structure.

Mary.—Are you ready, Charlie? This looks like a hospital ward. The head physician, you, Charlie Koplin, stands before the operating table where he has just performed a critical operation, which to all appearances has been successful. You always did succeed in everything that you did, anyway.

Mary.—Next, Amerigo. Well, of all things! If there isn't a stage in the cup! The players are waiting for the Hero of the Hour, and here he is with the same old smile on his face that proves that it is you, Amerigo Migliora.

Helen.—Girls! Girls! This is wonderful! Here is an immense building with a throng of fashionably dressed ladies passing in and out. What can it be? I have it. It is the much-talked-of new fashion shop of "Madame Mildred, the French Modiste," who brought wonderful gowns and ideas back from Paris. She seems though, to

suit the stout women of the town, claiming that she can make them look as young as they feel and that no one need appear large now. Evidently she has succeeded in making them think they appear as they wish others to see them. By the extensive trade she seems to have, Milly Ellis must have proven her point at last.

Helen.—This is a large ballroom. Standing just outside, and graciously receiving her guests, is one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my pleasure to see. She is turning to greet a guest and I see she is our demure little Anna Malloy. We may all well be proud of her.

Anna.—Why how strange! A court room. I sincerely hope this has nothing to do with any of our classmates. The judge is sitting at the bench looking very sternly at the criminal ready to pronounce the verdict. Is it possible, Redmond Lynskey, you are to become a judge? You must have profitted by the training you had in the operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," ordering people's heads cut off.

Mary.—I can see you, Frances Duggan, at the head of a large business concern. You always were very business-like at school, and it is no wonder that you have been successful during your life-time. You always wanted to be a private secretary, and you have not only reached your longed-for goal, but gone beyond it, and you are now helping other ambitious stenographers by giving them fine positions in your house.

Helen.—Well, what a commotion! People are scattering in all directions, as a powerful motor-car draws to the curb. A tall form has descended from the tonneau and is quickly walking toward his factory amid cheers and salutes from his workmen. He has lifted his hat in response to the salute of his men. Then what to our wondering eyes does appear but the face of Joe Haloran, so cute and so dear?

Anna.—A hospital—a large hospital in Syracuse, I think. From the door of the operating room a nurse emerges garbed in white. You must be happy, Lillian, for you will realize your one ambition to become a nurse.

Helen.—In your cup, Cecelia, I see you sitting at the table reading what you have written. I know it is graceful poetry, full of gentle, kindly sentiment, exquisitely expressed. I prophesy so widespread popularity that even the most sour-tempered

critics have a word of praise for your charming verse and the foundation for your success was laid at Windsor Locks High.

Mary.—Why, this seems to be a state house! It is the Capitol in Washington. The President of the United States is talking, and talking rapidly. This noble character is Harold Rupert, president of the Class of 1921, and your career as President of the United States is due to your excellent training as Class President.

Mary.—This is the domestic science kitchen at Storrs College, and you, "Gert," seem to be teaching cooking. Probably you are teaching your pupils how to make Johnny cake, as that has always been your favorite topic at Windsor Locks High.

Anna.—This seems to be a large theater. The curtain is rising and the people are applauding as the leading lady steps out on the stage. Why, of course, Helen Gourley, we knew you would become one of the leading actresses of the day.

Anna.—Here is a concert hall. The musician sits at a large and very beautiful piano. In the audience are some of the leading pianists of the world, but who is this musician? Why it is yourself, Helen MacLaughlin, and you have become a very talented musician.

Helen.—Your cup is easy to read, Eva, for you are plainly to be seen in the full perfection of young womanhood, standing in the center of the stage, a famous prima donna.

Helen.—The applause which follows Eva was no greater than that which greets the gifted and much-talked-of reader who appears in this cup. A large audience is spellbound listening to our little Rose McCarroll.

Mary.—Julia Rooney, strange to say, you are the only member of our class to remain an old maid! How did it happen, Julia. You always seemed to be very much interested in the opposite sex, especially in one of our own class. But you will prosper throughout your life. I can see you as a member of a staff that keeps a school for young girls, and I hope, Julia, that you will not forget to teach them some of the many things which you learned at the Windsor Locks High School.

Class.—Oh! what a delightful tea!

Helen.—Well may we be proud of our classmates.

Mary Nolan, '21. Anna Malloy, '21.

Helen MacLaughlin, '21.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

SALUTATORY.

Members of the Board of Education, Beloved Faculty, Parents and Friends:—

The most cordial greeting and heartiest of welcomes is extended to you this evening by the Class of 1921.

It is you alone, dear parents, who have striven with untiring efforts in order that our path in life might lead to a High School education. The debt of gratitude we owe to you is very great, and life-long endeavor cannot fully repay the sacrifices you have undergone.

We sincerely appreciate your constant guidance, dear teachers, and assure you that we shall ever treasure the memory of your painstaking efforts.

Gentlemen of the Board of Education, to you we would also express our thankfulness for your interest in our behalf in making our education reach the highest possible standard.

Dear friends of the community and members of the school, it gives us pleasure to see you here this evening, manifesting by your presence your interest in us, the Graduating Class of the Windsor Locks High School.

Julia V. Rooney, '21.

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ESSAY.

"Public Health."

To-day rapid progress along educational lines is clearly seen and as a part of that progress, interest and effort in guarding the public health have developed.

We note this progress in three ways: In medical science, in measures for care of the sick, and in measures to prevent disease in the community. On July 16, 1798, Congress passed an act establishing what is now known as the Public Health Service of the United States; this was re-organized in the year 1871. The American Public Health Association was founded in 1872, having for its object public hygiene. And now we have the State Bureau of Public Health.

How crude now seem the methods of treating sickness which were popular less

than a century ago! It seems that in very early times people believed that nature must take its course. They thought that sickness of any type or degree of severity must be endured and they must await the destined end. Consequently, the death rate was exceedingly high, and this led the more alert persons in the community to investigate and experiment.

The bleeding process, which was practiced a hundred years ago, prevailed for many years as the remedy for everything. But to-day it is little used. We are assured that there were many cases, notably that of the great "Washington" when death was hastened, instead of warded off, by bleeding the patient.

Again, one hundred years ago, the sick were entirely dependent for care upon the willing hand of a kind neighbor. Whittier tells us in his poem, "Snowbound," how it was a common occurrence for the doctor to stop at the door to tell his mother that her services were needed at the home of some sick neighbor.

"The wise old Doctor went his round
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way,
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed,
At night our mother's aid would need."

Trained nurses were unheard of in those days and the kindest hearts and most willing hands were not always, sad to say, guided by the wisest heads.

Now we are all familiar with the ministrations of the Greatest Mother in the World, the Red Cross, which in time of peace is one of the agencies that takes the place of the old exchange of neighborly kindness. This does not mean a loss of neighborly spirit, for now we have all persons in the community contributing to the support of an institution, from which all may receive aid, thus extending it beyond narrow limits and answering the question "Who is my neighbor?" by recognizing him in the sufferer from the floods in Pueblo, or the earthquake in California, or famine in the Far East.

The school nurse is a wonderful blessing to the community. From time to time she visits the schools, examines the chil-

dren, and gives them instructions in regard to health and hygiene. Remedies for disease are taught them and great stress is laid upon preventive measures, which makes remedies unnecessary. And so we see when the child returns home and relates the events of the school day to its parents, including that which it has been taught in regard to health, the school nurse indirectly aids in the bettering of conditions of the home: for the parents will soon be following the rules the children have been taught. Rejection of six thousand men at the time of the draft, for physical disqualifications, illustrates the great need of preventing disease.

None the less beneficial are the efforts of the district nurse, whose keen, sharp eye is ever watching and whose trained and steady fingers minister aid to the sick and unfortunate throughout the community. People now realize the marvellous results attained by the work of nurses.

It has taken centuries of civilization to learn what the uncivilized races practiced, namely, the importance of fresh air. We no longer sleep in air-tight rooms, but even out of doors, if possible, or on sleeping porches. In the thickly-settled communities, a paternal law insists upon sanitary conditions, and a pure water supply. Proper food, good water, cleanliness, and pure air make a healthful community. Flies and other insects are carriers of disease and the greatest benefit has been derived from what we have lately known as "Swat the Fly" campaigns. Ignorance of the fact that impure water caused typhoid brought many of its victims to an early grave. But its complete abolition is rapidly approaching, since the filtering of water has become known to the world. After filtering the water in 1908, the death rate from typhoid fever was decreased about seventy per cent. and this process proved to free the water of ninety-eight per cent. of the typhoid germs. Yellow fever, the dread of many generations, is now a thing of the past, for the cause has been found to be the mosquito and that has been exterminated.

Fortunate, indeed, are we to be living in an age when every precaution is taken to rid the world of such deadly menace. With such preventatives as inoculation for smallpox, typhoid, or even as an immunity against colds, and the discovery of radium for cancer, we are able to wage a victorious

battle against disease which proved fatal to our ancestors.

Statistics found in the Town Clerk's office show that in proportion to the population the decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis and other contagious diseases in recent years, is remarkable. And so we see that dominion over the agony of pain is perhaps the most brilliant achievement ever wrought by man.

It becomes the plain duty of all to contribute to the support of all means for aiding in guarding the public health, which will result in a race of better Americans.

"Give me health and a day," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Julia V. Rooney, '21.

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CLASS MOTTO.

Duty Determines Destiny.

The motto we have chosen will fit in all fields of endeavor, and by vote of the class I am the unfortunate victim who has to write an essay on this motto. The others chose their own subjects, but I am like the helpless babe who cannot choose his own name. A crowd of relatives is gathered about the little child, trying to determine what name should be bestowed upon him. Call him Epaphroditus" says Aunt Martha; "No, call him Jedediah" says Uncle Jed. "Reginald" would be a very pretty names says grown-up Cousin Anna; and the poor child has to carry one of these ugly names through life. Imagine his schoolmates teasing him by making fun of it. Or the name bestowed may contradict the character. The infant girl may be called Patience, but when grown up, she may possess everything and anything but this blessed virtue. She may be called Grace, but while Grace is going through High School, people feel pity that such an awkward girl should be endowed with that name. Minnie, which signifies a small and diminutive person, may be a woman of six feet and 300 lbs. Again the child is named after some great and notable person in history, and still he may never rise higher than a street cleaner, thereby contradicting his name.

Such is the position of a helpless little innocent child that has to take what it

gets, and such is my position. My subject demands eloquence, wisdom, and wit. But too feeble myself to explain how Duty Does determine our Destiny, I appeal to the poet Wordsworth. Hear ye him.

"Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strift of frail
humanity- "

We are given a conscience and a free-will. Our first duty is duty to ourselves, to use our will guided by conscience to its fullest development. When we do not use it properly, according to the poet, conscience checks us, making us pause if reckless, and press on if indolent. Our life is made up of duties and by doing each simple one as it comes along, the more difficult ones will then seem possible and finally we are doing difficult tasks as easily as at first we did simple ones thus gaining a higher destination.

Duty-doing develops also self-reliance. No one can accomplish much in life if he constantly requires or must constantly depend upon the opinions and judgments of others. One's destiny depends upon one's habit of thinking and reasoning for himself. Many a person has hope and ambition but it is performance that leads to the goal. By being dutiful to ourselves we are preparing to be of the greatest service to others for we must first be independent then use surplus time and strength and means to serve others.

We have only to observe some who have achieved a high destiny to realize that it has been achieved by following the path of duty. Madame Curie began life by doing what she thought was her duty. She daily patiently persevered in scientific research as her husband's assistant until now she is not only noted and honored in the two countries of France and the United States but in all the world. She has now arrived at a destiny that has been determined for her by the performance of what seemed to her, plain duty. Another woman whose name is now enrolled in the Hall of Fame attained that place by doing her duty through life. Alice Freeman Palmer, second president of Wellesley Col-

lege, the daughter of a poor country doctor, by learning daily lessons at school, then by enlarging her power of usefulness by going to college, then by teaching, putting heart and soul into work in order to help her family to the utmost financially, and to help her pupils to their fullest development, had the destiny of the presidency of a great college thrust upon her and the office she accepted, as another duty.

It is easier, we admit, to learn one's destiny by the Ouija board, but, Oh, what mockery it is to believe there is aught of truth in it! It is not by pressing our hands on the planchette and yielding our minds to its dictates, but by putting our hands at honest work and our minds at honest thinking that we win a destiny of wealth and power. Let us look upon our duty, not only from the angle of money getting alone, but with the idea of making ourselves capable of the greatest service.

To be regarded as good citizens in the community in which our lot is cast is to arrive at a destiny that is a success, and to see that this "Stern Law-giver,"

Duty vet doth wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything more fair
Than is the smile upon her face.

That is a reward and a destiny that is no sham and that satisfies.

Frances M. Duggan, '21.

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BUDDIES.

It was August 3, 1914. Germany had declared her forty-years-prepared-for war and France had called upon her patriots to uphold the honor of their country. For nearly three years the war raged, and on April 6, 1917, the United States was induced to enter.

There lived at that time in Paris, Henry Villette, an adventurous youth, who had endured the three cruel years of the German bombardments. His father had long before enlisted and had been killed, his mother unable to endure the hardships of their poverty had died, leaving the well-remembered dying words in her son's mind, "Henry, at all costs, remember to uphold the flag of your country."

On September 12, Henry enlisted and on the 13th of October, found himself in the front lines. For five days and five nights he fought hearing the discharge of the rifle, seeing nothing in front of him, and on both sides of him but men being shot down; some groaning, others vainly attempting to rise, and some lying face downward, never again to go back home. On the sixth day of Henry's service at the front, the Germans had planned an attack. Succeeding in finding the source of the Allies' trench the Huns had discharged a quantity of gas. The lieutenant, scenting the approach of the deadly fluid, ordered gas masks put on. Within a moment the order was carried out and Henry just having concluded the adjusting of his gas mask heard a faint voice behind him saying, "Buddy, help me." Turning, Henry spied a youth with blood-covered face and upraised trembling hands. Realizing the youth's condition and forgetting his own danger, Henry snatched the mask from his face and placed it on the wounded boy. It was all that Henry remembered and when he regained consciousness he found himself on a clean white bed. The presence of the Red Cross nurses explained to him his whereabouts. Had he been wounded or why was he in the hospital? He attempted to rise, but in vain. His strength had failed him and he lay almost motionless. With difficulty turning his head, Henry's eyes fell upon a youth at his left. Could it be the very youth whom he had helped. A second glance made him uncertain, while a third convinced him. On the following morning Henry was able to converse with the youth and heard his story.

"My name," he began, "is William Reynolds, Jr., son of the celebrated Wall street broker. At the outbreak of the war, the impulse of patriotism swept all New York and I, like other boys, asked father's permission to serve my country. He would not listen to me, try as best I could to convince him, and so on August 4, I enlisted without his knowledge. In a few days I received a summons from camp and getting father's permission to go on a vacation, I set out for Camp Devens. Here I trained for three months and on November 15 was told I was to sail for France the following day. I was given a day's leave and returned to my home in full uniform. My father now made no objection, which was a comfort to me, and

after much effort on my part to console my mother, I sailed the next day for France.

"The voyage for the first three days was pleasant, but on the fourth night our periscopes spied a swift moving tube. The captain was at once consulted and after his first glance there was no doubt as to its identity. It was a submarine. Immediately the guns were put to work and an hour's fighting downed the deadly craft. We met with another accident on our trip, the helm of our ship being badly damaged by a floating island, but the fast work of our carpenters enabled us to immediately continue on our voyage. On November 24 I landed in France and in three weeks went to the front. I was there three days when I was struck by a bullet. Wounded and almost unconscious, I lay in the trench. Only one thing I remember, and that is, a kind friend who gave me a mask when the Germans led their attack. But say, our boys are right there at that. I've been told by a nurse that not only did they keep back the charge but forced those Huns to retreat."

At the conclusion of the boy's story Henry could not help admiring the youth and after giving in exchange his own name and history added, "Friend, it was I who gave you the mask."

Weeks passed and a warm friendship grew between the two youths; a friendship linking the society of New York and the poverty of France; a friendship that never would have been were it not for their fighting for the same cause, to defend human liberty and preserve independent countries.

Their wounds healed, and the boys under one company were once more sent to the front. For two days they fought until on the third night, the night of July Fourth, Buddy, as Reynolds was called, while attempting to hold back the charge of the enemy in that historic battle of Chateau Thierry, seeing comrades in front and on all sides of him shot down, like a farmer mowing his hay, a fatal bullet struck him. Henry was soon at his friend's side. In vain he tried to save the young life for a second time. Buddy was sinking fast, "going west," and with one deep sigh concluded his journey.

Poor Henry was left alone, his only friend gone. When would he make such another? For three months more he

served, until that glorious November 11, that day when blood-shedding ceased, and the boys realized they were to sail for home. Henry realized his chance. Here was an opportunity to sail for America, that America of which he had heard so much, that America which offered so many opportunities.

All preparations for the first voyage were made. Henry was among the first to arrive. Imagine his heart throbs on his first parade through the American city streets among those admired for their gallant work.

News came to William Reynolds, the father of Buddy, that a lad by the name of Henry Villette, who had served with his son overseas, had arrived with the regiment. He searched out Henry and heard his story. He was not surprised when told of his son's death, for he had received the information from Washington, yet felt overcome with grief when talking to the boy who had been such a close friend to his son, and had been at the side of his son at his death. How sad and yet how proud was the father! His son had died for his country.

He was now left childless. Why not adopt Henry? What unspeakable joy that would bring to his wife's life! And who better deserved the opportunity than Henry.

That night he placed the proposition before his wife and she soon agreed to adopt the young hero for her son.

Henry was next told. Such joy overpowered him that he found no words to express his gratitude. The vision of a good home, father and motherly love overwhelmed him.

The boy was adopted and such love reigned within the home, that the idea that Henry was only an adopted son was soon forgotten.

Henry is now studying medicine and promises to be a successful surgeon.

Charles Koplin, '21.

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SCENES FROM HIGH SCHOOL LIFE AND VALEDICTORY.

The first scene from High School of which I would produce a film is the Freshman's first day. The last year's Seniors

stand in the back of the room like the shades of former kings and queens. The Main Room is like a Throne Room, where crowns are to be bequeathed to the next kings and queens to rule instead of those of the last year and the Freshmen are to be pages or menials.

The next scene on the screen of the great picture that we call High School life is recess time. The boys and girls are out on the large playgrounds. At one end of their yard, some girls are talking about a certain blonde young gentleman who has been visiting at the school. They were describing his general appearance, and above all could be heard the shrill piping notes of one saying, "What pretty teeth he had!"

In the center of the yard were the athletic girls playing baseball. Seated on the benches were the "goody-goody" girls, as they were called. They were the ones never ran around the yard, but just sat down on the benches and spread their dresses daintily and waited for the bell to ring. They looked like a group of young girls waiting for old age to overtake them.

In the boys' yard everything was in confusion. One boy trying to catch another tripped over some one else and afterwards remarked, that he tried to measure the yard. Some of the boys were rushing here and there, to the right, then to the left, playing basketball. Still further on was a group of boys talking excitedly over the new baseball diamond that Windsor Locks has at the other end of the town. As I passed them I happened to hear, "Say, do you know that Babe Ruth is going to play in our new baseball diamond?" I bet you two cents that some day Palmer will come up to Babe Ruth in home runs, and then they went deeper and deeper into the baseball world.

The next interesting scene of great importance to us was the rhetoricals. There we sat, each with the look of a prisoner condemned to be executed at dawn. It seemed that our hearts beat so loud that every now and then we would turn around to see if anyone was taking notice of us.

No one knows how fervently we prayed that something would happen to postpone the exercises, or that the stage would fall through, or that we would die of heart failure. Then as our names were announced we walked slowly up the platform

and stood before the great assemblage with only one thought, that if we didn't die before we finished, we should immediately after. But when we had finished our poems and essays, we took our seats with a proud and happy spirit.

The next picture on the screen shows Windsor Locks High School in the throes of examinations. The members of the High School are in the Main Room with new pencils, blotters, pens, and—it is to be hoped—knowledge. Then they were seated and the papers were given out. "I knew she would give us just the questions I forgot to look up, said one to himself." Some were haggard and pale and one could easily understand that they had spent a sleepless night. Others, as usual, were happy-go-lucky, but soon the busy scribbling begins and you can hear a pin drop. In two hours all is over and the next picture on the screen shows the result.

Report cards are being given out. Picture the expectant faces of the students. They are as pale as ghosts and look as if Judgment Day had come at last. An envelope is handed to one of the laziest boys. He had an air of bravado, expecting of course to receive good marks. With a smile, he opened the envelope. As blue sunny skies cloud over with a summer shower, so did that smile fade from his face and a scowl took its place. But for the most part everyone was quite satisfied with his marks.

The fifth reel of the moving picture is the Junior dance. The students of the different classes are approaching the receiv-

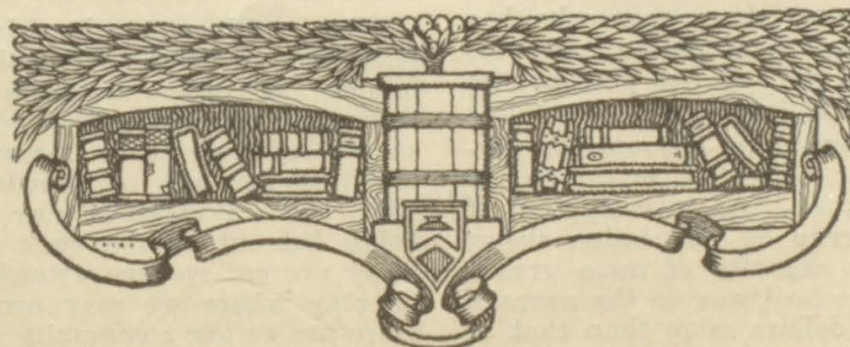
ing line. The Freshmen come with hair slicked down and shiny, new creaking shoes, that kept time with the orchestra as they promenaded down the hall. Then the shy Sophomores come into the hall minding all their manners. Then come the Juniors. Of course they come in correct society form. For, are they not experienced in social life? The Seniors came with quiet, reserved, tranquil manners such as Seniors always have.

The next reel in the four-act drama is the graduation scene. Needless to describe that which is before you. The stage is set as for the camera. It was the preliminary throes of preparation that would have made a motion picture. The Seniors are gathered for the last time before they separate, each to pursue his own pathway through life instead of having common duties, common pentties, and common conditions. It is with both sadness and gladness we bid farewell to our dear school. It has become dear to our hearts, for some of our happiest days have been spent there.

To you, members of the Board of Education and Members of the Faculty, who have established and maintained this institution for us, we say thank you and farewell.

Classmates: Let us as we separate keep in mind our motto that duty to ourselves, to our neighbors, to country, and to God determines our Destiny.

Eva M. Colli, '21.



JUNIOR PRIZE ESSAYS.

"THE VALUE OF EDUCATION."

In early days very few people were educated, even of those in high position or blessed with wealth. Even William the Conqueror could not write his own name, much less could it be expected of his queen, Matilda. At the present time a person can obtain an education if he or she wishes to. Conditions are very good for the boy or girl who is willing to work his way through school, or who has the backbone to say, "I will make my life a success, not a failure." There is practically no reason, except in few cases, why a person cannot attend school or college to secure a business, a technical, or a professional education.

And why should the effort be made involving hard work and sacrifice? First. Of what value is an education to us? Boys and girls who have the opportunity of attending school thrust upon them, seldom realize this. A good education is a priceless jewel, which, unlike material jewels, cannot be taken away from us. It is an investment that pays us dividends every day. It prepares one for responsibilities and by it we develop power, form ideals and develop the spirit of co-operation. An education immensely broadens the mental horizon. At school one learns to understand books and to like them. There has been much discussion concerning Thomas Edison's idea of an education. But he had the right idea in expecting educated men to be able to answer a variety of questions calling for practical knowledge of the world's affairs. This knowledge as well as a mind trained to search out information, and well developed reasoning power should be the possession of the person who has been through high school and to a greater degree the possession of the person who has been through college.

Statistics show that the wealth per capita is in direct proportion to the money invested in education. An investigation of the Federal Bureau of Education shows that the earning capacity of male graduates of the high school was on the average twelve thousand dollars more than that of the person who did not attend high school. Thus the person who went to high school got three thousand dollars return during

his life for each year spent at such a school. According to the summary of higher education, in three years, from 1917 to 1920, the increase in attendance at institutions for higher education was about twenty-five per cent.

Compare the people who work in offices or may have a profession of their own and the people who are working in shops and mills. The factory worker has numerous hardships. In the city of Bridgeport a few days ago twenty-seven families were reported on the verge of starvation due to lack of work. They are the uneducated laborers who have nothing to fall back on to enable them to earn their living. Trained workmen are in great demand to-day, while unskilled laborers are facing a very poor financial condition. We must remember that an education is a great factor in world success. The question we have to face is financial success or failure.

Association with teachers and fellow students and the study of literature and history give one a knowledge of human nature. An education enables a person to understand and sympathize with his fellow men and to feel at home with people from all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. During school days one finds more enjoyment than at any other period of his life and there he forms life-long friendships which contribute to life-long happiness.

Ability to deal with people of different characteristics and habits, and social influence are impossible without a certain amount of education. The question we have to face again is social success or failure.

Time will come when, in facing problems and conditions, we shall test our education. We must remember that the future generations are to be educated and we should take steps to prevent our feeling mortified for lack of knowledge we might have had. Education may be defined as being led out of the dark into the light. If at present we are attending school, let us stay where we may prepare to be of more use to our community than we can if we are not educated. People that have no education are regretting it every day of their lives, but do we ever hear a person

regretting that he or she had gone to school? No. Instead, he wishes he had spent more time there.

Even though the path be long and narrow, if we do not take advantage of the opportunity to travel it, we shall be sorry and wish we had gone to school when we had the opportunity. No matter what progress education may make in the future, now is the acceptable time and no other. Each moment presents its own opportunity for just one moment; gone it is irrevocable. We must gird up our spirits and strive now trusting that with all our limitations we may, with minds stored and trained, rise superior to adverse circumstances and make them serve us instead of master us.

Edward McCullough, '22

—(o)—

WAR RE-ACTION AND THRIFT.

"History repeats itself." Every great war has been followed by an era of high prices, and every era of high prices has been followed by a period of increased production and lower prices.

After the Revolutionary War there was a scarcity of everything—fabrics, food, fortunes. After the Civil War it was the same. And to-day after the World War is it not the same? Yes, and to a greater degree. Russia is ravaged, Belgium is destitute, Ireland is crying for food and the financial condition of France and England is straitened. In America, the treasure-house of the world, there are millions of people out of work and without money.

During the war there was an increased production of war materials and fewer men to do the work, consequently the unskilled laborer received unprecedented wages. Profiteering was carried on all over the country. All commodities were twice their usual price, but wages, too, were doubled.

Now the reaction is coming and where

will it start. Not with the decrease in living expenses but with the decrease in wages. Was there ever a time when we needed to save more than at present? Especially is it necessary for the laboring class who have been receiving unusually high wages. Positions are scarce and these people have nothing to depend on but their weekly earnings, consequently, they are forced to take any reduction in wages offered, or be cut of work.

We must learn to save, to be thrifty. In America there has been for some time a popular misconception of thrift as applied to the individual. To be thrifty meant, in the minds of many, to be greedy, avaricious, and miserly. That is not thrift. Thrift, whether applied to plant life, individual human beings, or to nations means a substantial and vigorous growth. We find it embodied in the philosophy of many of the world's most profound thinkers. Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest and best loved Americans, said: "Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues, it begins with saving money." Theodore Roosevelt declared, "Thrift is common sense applied to spending." One of the best pieces of advice was given by John Wesley who said, "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

If you have not already formed the habit of saving, begin now. Learn to save systematically, put aside a fixed sum each month. Keep a record of every penny spent. Then prepare a budget for the following month and exclude all expenditures that you consider unwarranted and wasteful. Once having acquired the habit of thrift through saving money, you will be able to apply it to many other things, for economy of money is not the total sum of thrift, it is only one of the stones in the building of a character. True thrift means much more than the saving of money, it means the quality of character that results from thrift of time, thrift of physical endurance, and thrift of moral power.

Mary Carroll, '22.

PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Early in January a member of the Girls' Glee Club proposed having a musical play. Miss Lyman accepted the proposal and suggested a Japanese operetta entitled "Princess Chrysanthemum." Soon after Christmas vacation, rehearsals commenced. An operetta requires skill in singing, speaking and acting. The cast had had little experience, but the spirit not only on the part of Miss Lyman and the cast, but that of the other teachers and school as a whole, was going to make it a success.

Under Miss Lyman's supervision, and with the aid of the teachers, all flaws were detected and made perfect by the actors. Each rehearsal was showing improvement. The day of the 28th of April arrived. The afternoon performance was for the benefit of the school children and those elders unable to attend in the evening. The hall was nearly filled and the performance was a good one. In the evening it was found necessary to close the ticket office early, as all the standing room was taken. The play lasted two hours and was a success from the start to the finish.

The decorations cannot be too highly praised and rivaled in merit the costumes, which varied from fairy gowns and soldiers' uniforms to Japanese men's and women's, Princesses' and Emperor's. Each character taken individually knew his part and did it successfully, even the small children. It can be said that the amusement they afforded went far to make it a success. The audience left well satisfied with the entertainment and ready to give an equal response to any other school play.

D. R. Leary, '22.

——(o)——

TARDINESS.

Tardiness seems to be my chief fault on Monday morning. After enjoying the week-end, it is difficult to go to school on Monday. However, I usually manage to get in school just as the bell is ringing.

But on one eventful morning, fate was against me, and everything went wrong to hinder my preparations and aim towards tardiness.

I was late in getting up, unusually long in dressing, and had to eat breakfast according to my appetite, which was a large one. When I finally managed to rise from the table it was just ten minutes after eight.

It was a dull, rainy morning and slippery too. I was hurrying along, thinking more of getting to school than of anything else, when suddenly I slipped on a piece of ice and went down. Both of the books which I was carrying went too. When I got on my feet, much to my dismay I found my papers wet and dirty, my umbrella broken, but still I hurried on.

By this time I thought that everything that could hinder me was bound to happen to-day. It was my unlucky day.

The rain was coming from the north and while crossing the bridge my clothes received the benefit. In spite of all this I had hopes of reaching school, when the gates went down and along came a freight train, getting ready to switch, and moving very slowly. It was unusual for a train to switch at this time, but it was my luck.

After standing in the cold and damp for five minutes, the bars went up and I crossed taking all the time I desired, for by this time, I was sure I would be tardy. When at last I did arrive, the last words of the hymn were being sung.

I have related only part of my experience on this day, but I will leave out the other details and end the day by remaining one hour after school.

Dorothy Burby, '22.

——(o)——

BUBBLES.

Junior: "Why does the Freshman Class remind one of Real Estate?"

Sophomore—"I don't know."

Junior: "Because they are a green lot."

Senior to Freshman—"Why are you so small?"

Freshman—"When I was young I was fed on 'Challenge' and so I am condensed."

"And now Johnnie," said the teacher. "Can you tell me what is raised in Mexico?"

"Aw go on," replied the bright boy. "I know what you want me to say, but ma told me not to talk rough."

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Robert A. Parmelee.

Not what we have but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.
Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace.
Both now and after time shall cease.

— (o) —

"How shall we curb the criminal
rapacity of the profiteer?" sternly
demanded the orator. "How shall
we rescue the nation from his octo-
pus-like clutch? How — "

"I haven't the slightest idea,"
calmly replied old Gaunt Grimm. I
have not attended a single high
school commencement this year."

—Kansas City Star

— (o) —

Mother: "Johnny, will you keep quiet
for a bit?"

Johnny: "I'll do it for two bits."

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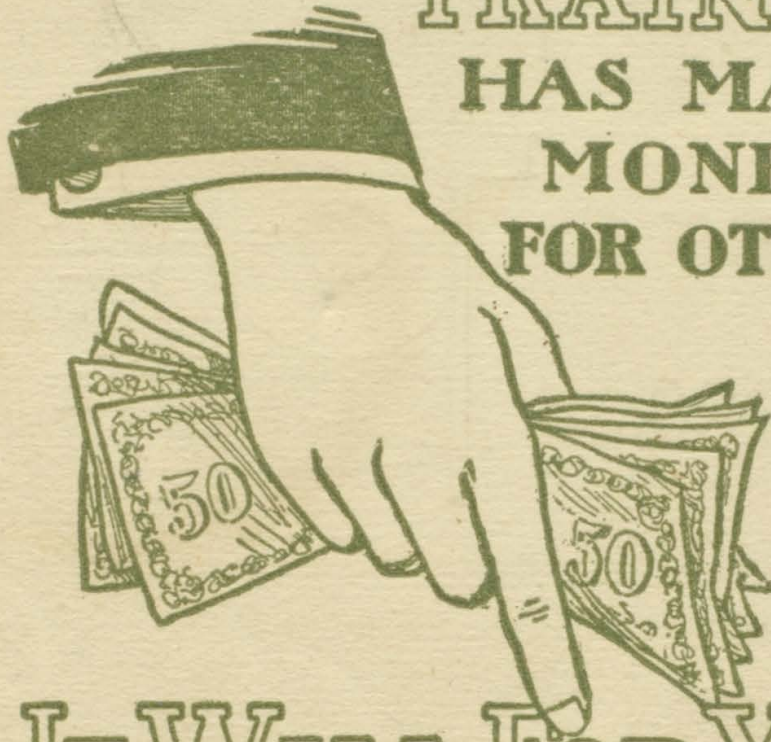
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